



# BITS OF SADNESS

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By Bob Lynch



REPRINT WARNING! 100% OLD STUFF!

# SADNESS AND THE HUNGRY CAT

BY BOB  
LYNCH

Sav Sadness is returning from a late-night film show ('Zombie Hearts' and 'Teen Terror Tales').



Upon reaching home...

Hark... a noise.



Miow!

Oh, hi there Tass. You sound a little bit peckish like.

Miow!



Okay, Tassie old chappess, let's get the Kattie Feed from the Fridgeroonie... eek! No tins left here.

Miow?



And there's nothing on the shelves, and as I'm now a vegetarian....

Miow?!



...there's no meat in the house. You will have to stay hungry.

MIOW!



Okay! Okay! I'll see what I can do! But it's 2-55a.m., all near-by shops are shut, our neighbours are in bed sleeping, how can I get your food??

Miow!



Hang on... why don't I break into the Bönks' next door and borrow their cat food?

Miow!

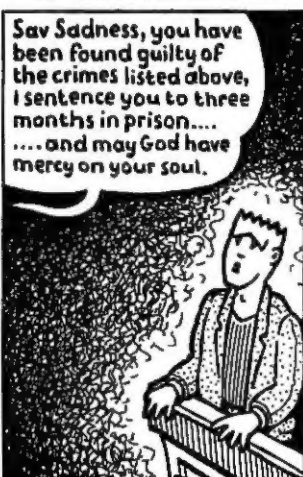
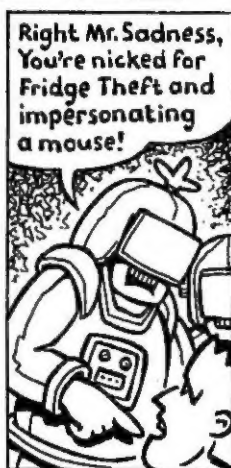


That way I don't wake them up, and I can explain it in the morning.





DINGA  
LINGA  
DINGA  
LINGA  
DINGA  
LINGA  
DINGA  
LINGA  
DINGA  
LINGA  
ETC...





Time passes in the usual clichéd manner....



... until he has finished his stay.

Hmmm.... I think I'll buy Tassie some food. Something nice and tasteful, but cheap.



BUS STOP

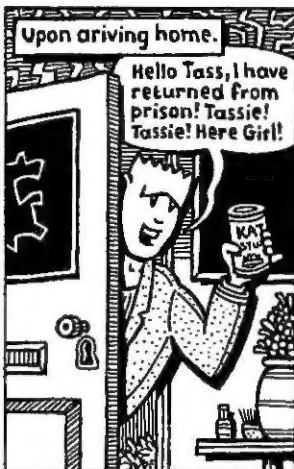
And so, at his local supermarket....



This looks like it.

Upon arriving home.

Hello Tass, I have returned from prison! Tassie! Tassie! Here Girl!



That's funny, no sign of the old cat. Where can she be?

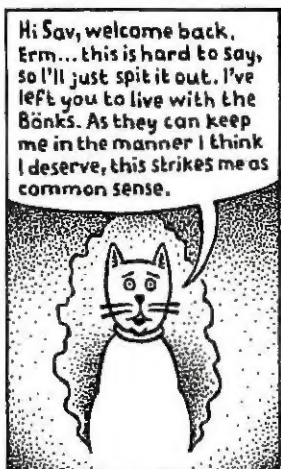


Oh well, might as see who is on the Hologramatic Answering Machine.†



† PATENT PENDING

Hi Sav, welcome back. Erm... this is hard to say, so I'll just spit it out. I've left you to live with the Bönks. As they can keep me in the manner I think I deserve, this strikes me as common sense.



So thanks for all your hospitality, and all the best. Bye.

Well! Aint that just like a cat to kick you're down? Tsk!



And what am I to do with this tin of meat and animal derivatives, derivatives of vegetable origin and permitted colourant?

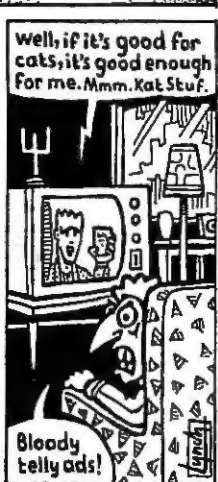


To eat, or not to eat, that is the question.



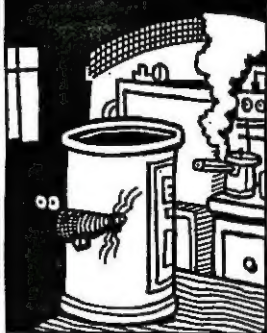
Artistic, ain't it?

Well, if it's good for cats, it's good enough for me. Mmm. Kat Stuf.



Bloody telly ads!

# Of Mice & Sadness

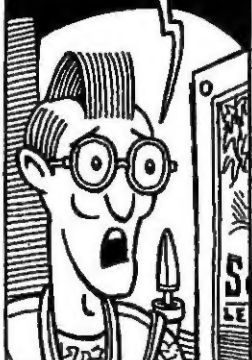


Sav Sadness has been living in an anarcho-vegetarian oasis in the business area.



There's a mouse in the kitchen!

A mouse? This is serious! We need a house meeting!



Pest controls not mentioned here, so how we gonna choose the beast's executioner?

I say Sav should do it. He's the least ideologically sound person here. I saw him eating meat.



Haha! What a laugh!

Yeah. And he reads those sick comics.

And he watches those nasty gore-splattered horror films.



Oh, come on folks!

Just because I've got a sick sense of humour, don't mean I've got no feelings. Why can't Tass kill the mouse, hey?



Oh, don't be so conformist, Sav. You know we are trying to teach Tass how to adopt a non-aggressive attitude.



Okay folks, what's the verdict of this meeting?

Go out there and kill the scum-bag. Sav, or we'll rip up your Peter Bagge comics!



Mumble...hm, grrr.. Mumble mumble. Why is it always me? Mumble Mumble...

Meanwhile, high above the grey skies of the English country-side.

Mmmmm... I'm hungry.





Oh dear... how can I go in there to kill a mouse?



The problem is, no matter how sick, perverted and dirty our minds know mice to be...



... Our hearts still see them as cute, furry little sweeties.



I still have nightmares about the lost mouse I killed...

THE BLOOD!  
THE BLOOD!



I suppose I had better do the job then. This could come in handy against the beast!



My god! What is it with me? Such thoughtless violence. That blind desire to kill. And I would never willingly hurt another living creature!



Well I must say, I am glad to hear that!



How can I deal with this mouse without killing it?



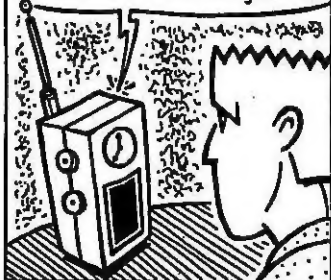
Yes folks... it's Ronny the Radio-Alarm-Clock.

Hi there Sav, you want to get rid of a mouse without the spilling of blood? Then use the Zapless mousetrap. A strong ventilated box, with a spring operated trap-door, it holds the mouse until you figure out what to do with it. Only £5-99.

See... thanks Ronny. That's a real triff piece of information. I'll go and act on it right now.

Glad to be of help, Sav. Want to know about the Royal Baby's first belch?

Hmmm... Tsk. I say, Mouse, want to hear about the economic crisis in the U.S. Banking System?



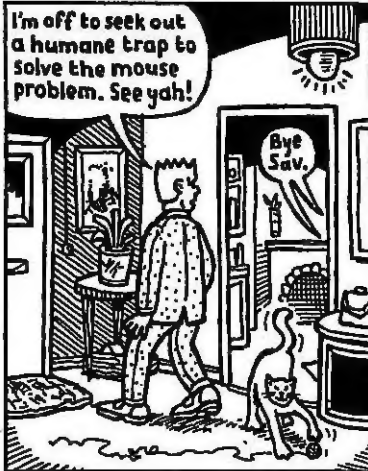
Err... aint got time, Sorry.

Skweek!

I'm off to seek out a humane trap to solve the mouse problem. See yah!

But where can you find the Zapless mousetrap?

**ZAPIESS**  
MOUSETRAP!  
ON SALE  
HERE

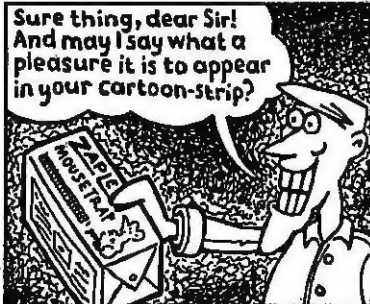


**DING!**

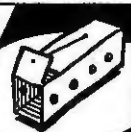
Ahah... a customer.

Excuse me... but would you have the kindness to sell me a Zapless mousetrap?

Sure thing, dear Sir! And may I say what a pleasure it is to appear in your cartoon-strip?



And that, dear reader, is how a Zapless mousetrap came to be on Sav's kitchen floor that night.









Because out there I can be free from the persecution we mice receive from you humans.



Well, you must admit that your lot do deserve it. Always eating and crapping on our food. A right bunch of messy blighters.



Messy blighters..? That does sound good coming from a human....



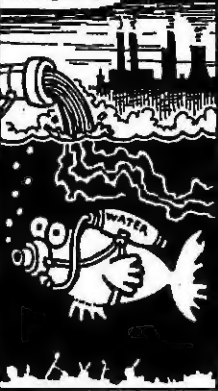
... I mean, when did you last see a mouse deliberately ruin good food?



When did a mouse turn lush forests into arid towerblocks?



And you don't see us mice pollute the sea and stuff.



You certainly never see mice kill other animals for the sheer hell of it.



And I won't even begin to mention the things your lot do to each other.



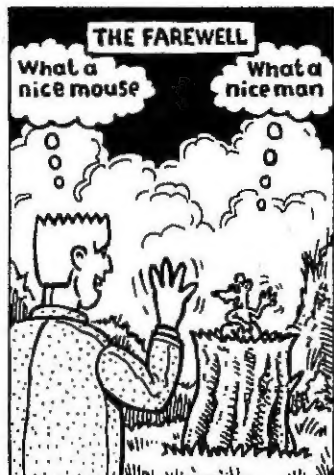
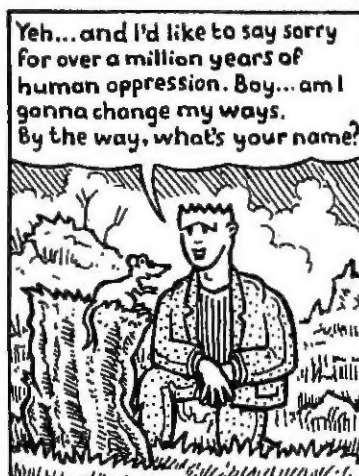
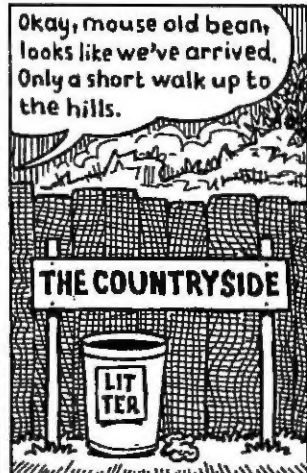
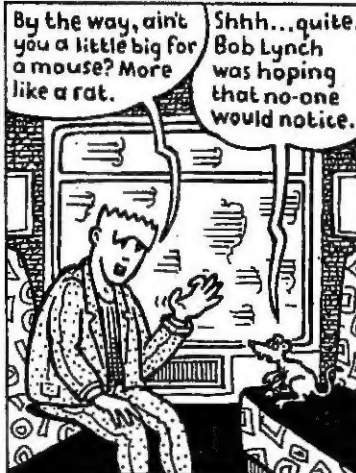
I admit it... humans have no right to criticize mice. I'll take you to the countryside.



I'm going out for a few hours. This mouse is set for the Freedom train, the journey away from persecution and suffering!



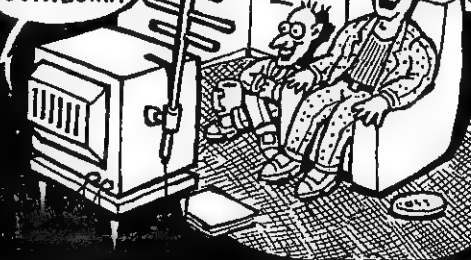
Get us some muesli while you're out. If you can't, get a freshly slaughtered lamb... oops!





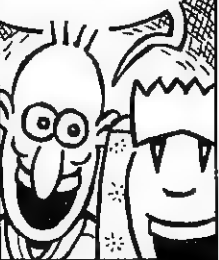
# SAV SADNESS EXPLAINS THE LOGIC OF IMPROBABILITY.

Whooooee-  
eeeeeeeeee-  
ee...BOMP!

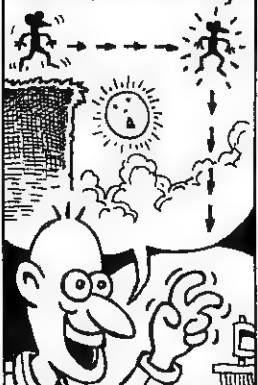


HA HA HA HA  
HA HA HA HA  
HA HA HA HA  
HA HA HA HA  
HA HA

I love these cartoons, Sav. I mean, how do they train the funny looking animals to do those tricks...



...like when they run in mid-air before plummeting?



Those aren't real animals, Dirk old chap, they are creations of an artist's imagination. They are only governed by the Logic of Improbability, unlike us real types who must live by the rules of physics.



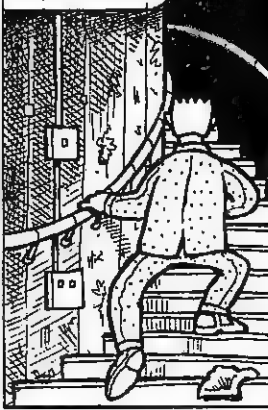
I hope you don't mind me saying this Sav, but you're talking out of your bottom!



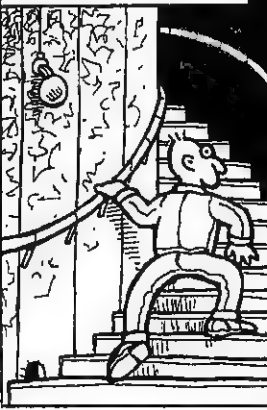
I see you don't believe me. So let me demonstrate my theory with the help of those high-rise blocks.



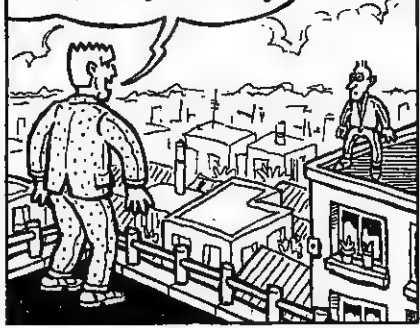
I'll climb to the top of one...



...and you climb to the top of the other.



I shall now attempt to run from here over to you. But, being subject to the laws of physics, I shall plummet to my death. Thus proving my theory.



Key-rikey!!



Aha!



See.....  
What did  
I tell you?

On the contrary, Dirk old chap, it only serves to prove another theory of mine... i.e; we are cartoon characters subject to our creator's Logic of Improbability.




And to back up this theory, I shall leave our pals floating in space under threat from a giant fish.



I still think you're  
talking out of  
your bottom.



# the Other Side of Sad-ness



By BOB Lynch.

Sav Sadness is a man of strict moral values...



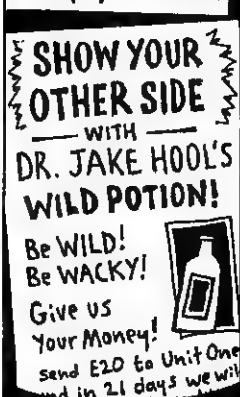
...which were not always appreciated by others.



But that night, fate took a hand...



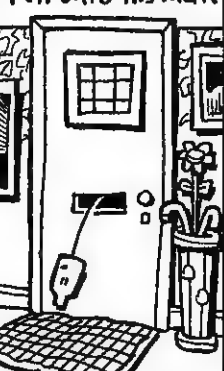
...in the shape of a newspaper advert.



When he arrived home he wrote off



... and 3 weeks later a package fell onto his mat.



Sav drank the full contents of the bottle inside the package.



Physical and mental turmoil burst upon Sav,



... leaving him altered in his humanistic and moral outlook.



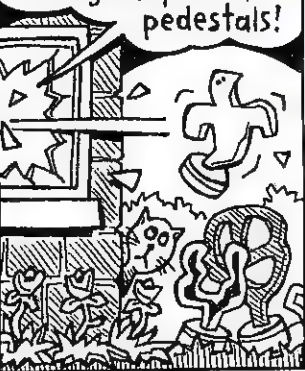
The worms of the media will suffer for the bilge that's been poured into my mind!



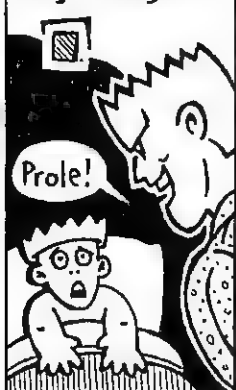
The worms of industry will suffer for their pre-obsolete tat!



The worms of art will suffer for their wobbly shapes on pedestals!



I'll frighten the Royal Baby...



... and I'll pass by street-collectors without giving.



And I'll seduce women...



... beat up men smaller than me.



But the effect of the potion was not long-lasting...



... and all his dreams and desires...



... were revealed to be nothing more than an untidy room!



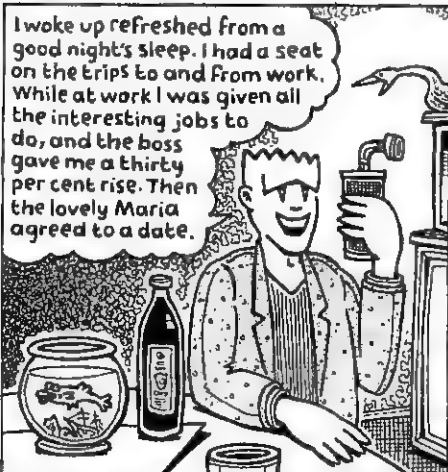
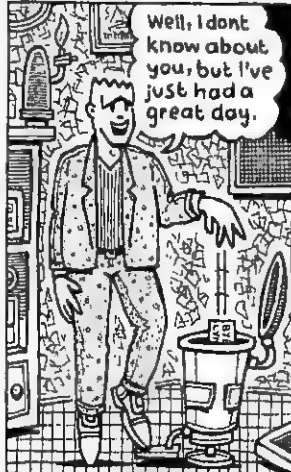


# The Power of Advertising!

And its stunning effect upon young SAV SADNESS.

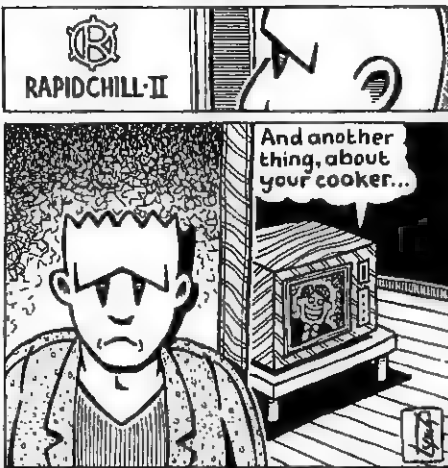
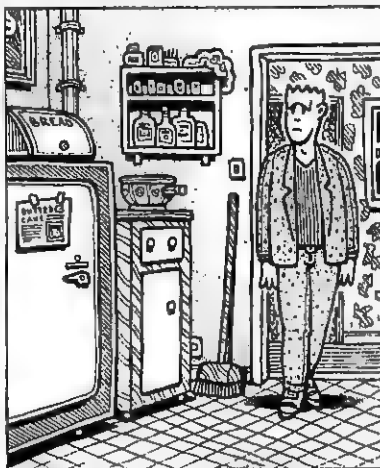
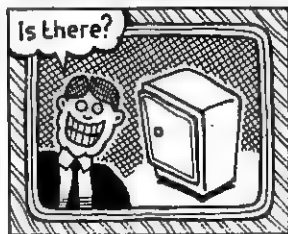
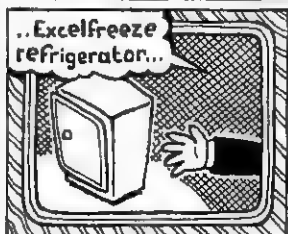
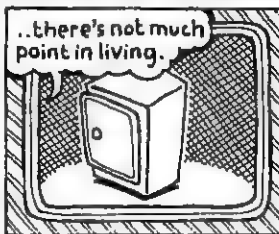
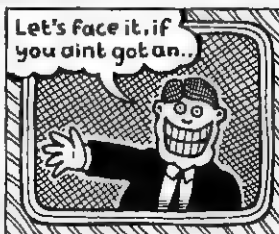


BY BOB LYNCH



Hi there!

Click



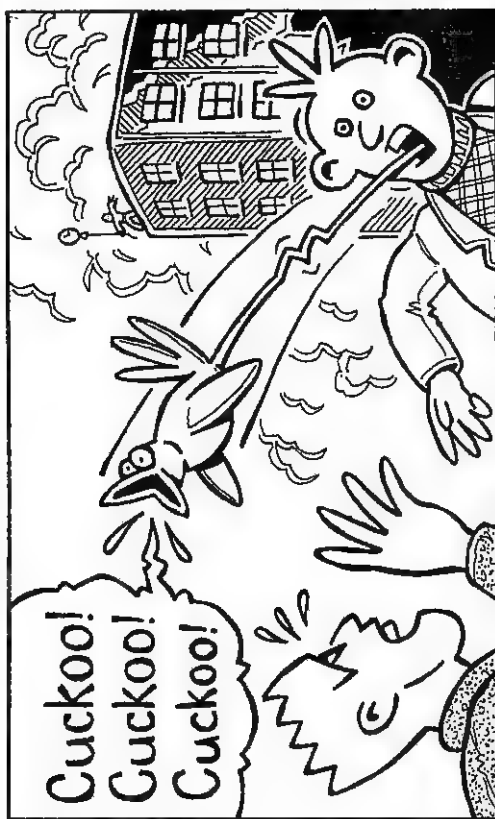
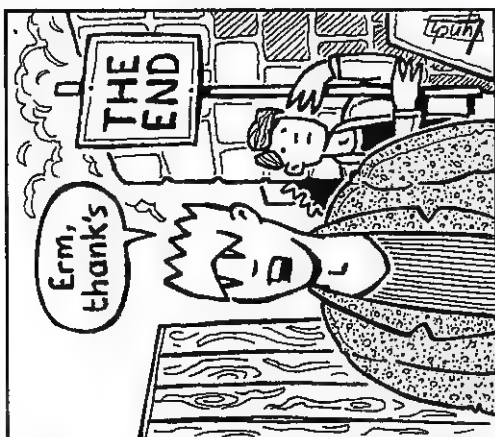
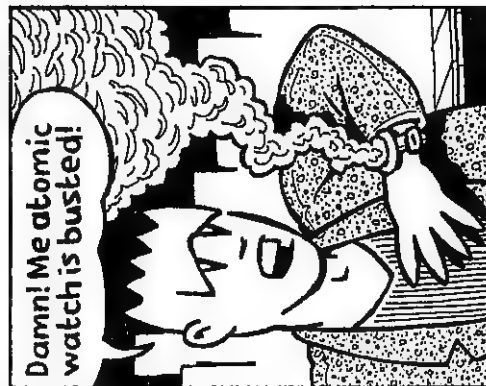
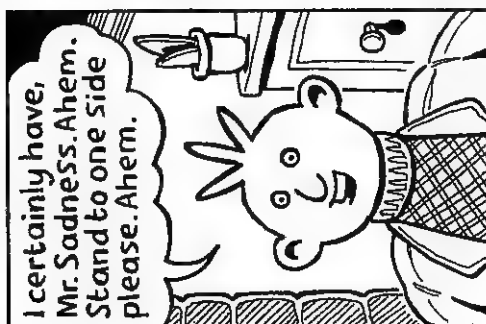
RAPIDCHILL-II

1984

# A SHORT, SHARP SHOT OF SADNESS

BY BOB  
LYNCH

READER, FOR BEST RESULT AND ENJOYMENT, HOLD PAGE SIDEWAYS





**The POWER of IMAGINATION**  
as explained and demonstrated by  
**SAV SADNESS.** Written by Bob,  
drawn by Lynch.

We've finished our dinner Mum, can we watch telly now?



Yes, but be careful of the radiation. Remember what happened to Dad.



Leave it out Sally, no need to keep rubbing it in!



Mum! Mum! The telly aint talking to us!



Oh heck! I forgot to buy the sponsor's products. The telly will ignore us until I can get to the shops in the morning!



Oh no! They're turning into bored zombies!

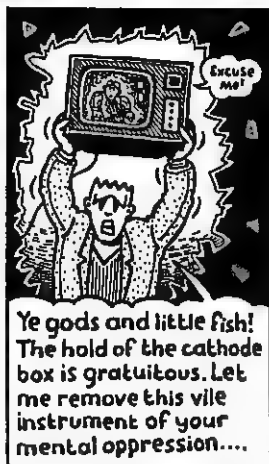
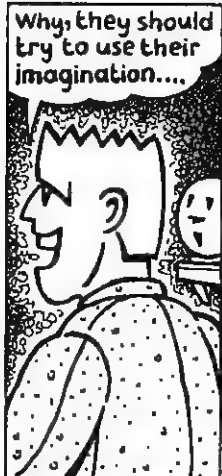


What we gonna do? What we gonna do?



Hi sister and family. Sav Sadness says, 'Hows things?'







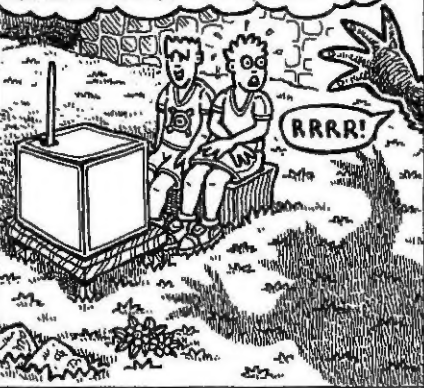
Well kids, let me tell you how to use your imagination as a media for entertainment.



We, your mother and me, didn't have a telly. So we found an empty box and used our imaginations to put images and sounds inside it.



Your mother was the more imaginative child, and she found out that images and sounds could appear outside the box.



Soon we both learned how to sing and dance in the playing fields we found in our minds.



So, I'm now going to teach you how you can do the same. Now, raise your hand and pretend you are holding a balloon.



I told you he's on drugs.

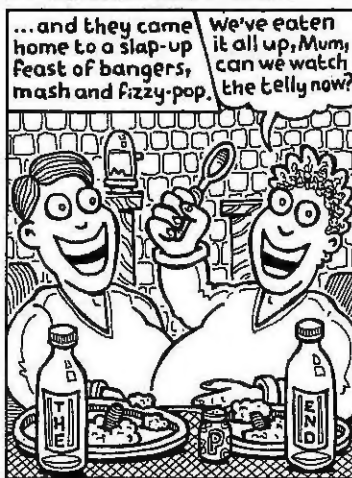
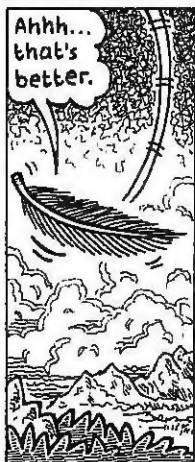
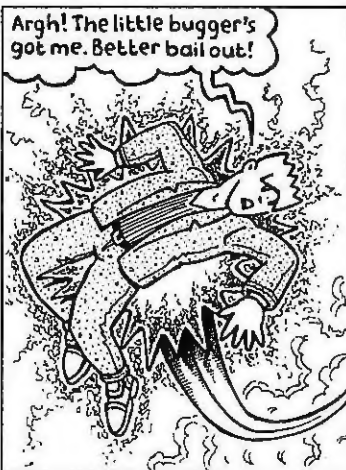


Let's humour him.



I had better imagine myself as a helicopter and rescue her!







# IN A DISTANT GALAXY...

...on the left side of the Tharsus cluster, there is a small but well developed blue skied planet. In it's major city an experiment hits it's target.

A wobbly lab-thing says in a near-perfect american accent...

I have discovered the key to the ultimate power!



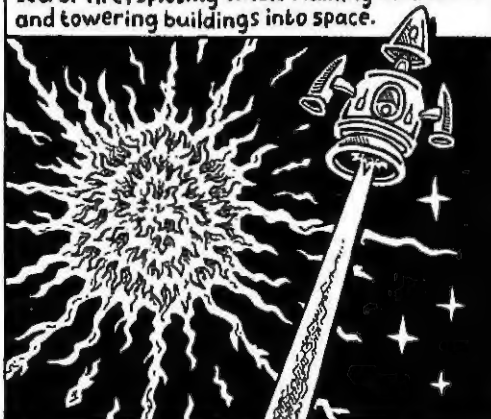
But unrestrained ultimate power has many unfortunate qualities.



The untamed flames spread like wildfire! Cities, countries, continents and oceans are razed by fire and dry-rot! Aliens get upset!



Soon the very bedrock turns into a molten sea of fire, spitting whole flaming mountains and towering buildings into space.



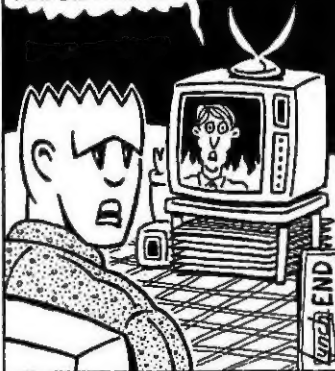
The larger of these travel across space to crash, still aflame, upon the distant plains of near-by planets of distant suns.



Zillions have died in this tragic apocalypse. Whole civilizations wiped out. Billions of species eliminated. Tables overturned. Television series pulled out of schedule. But...



...as yet we don't know if any Britons have been killed. Paul Over, BBC news, the Tharsus cluster.





# YOUNG SAV

Mum! Mum! There's a big world out there!



I know, Sav darling, and when you are older you will go out into that world and carve out a life for yourself.



No, mum, you have failed to comprehend the meaning of my statement. Come outside and have a look-see.

